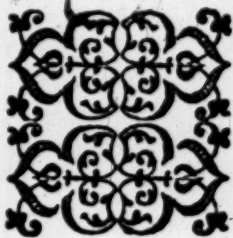


A pleasant Discourse of
Court and Wars : with a
replication to them both,
and a commendation of
all those that truly
serue Prince and
countrie.

*Written by Thomas Churchyard,
and called his Cherrishing.*

To. Robert.



Imprinted at London, by
*Ar. Hatfield, for William
Holme.*

1596.

To the Honorable sir George Cary Knight, sonne
and heire to my Lord Chamberlaine, gouernour
of the Ile of Wight, and Knight Marshall of England,
Tho. Churchyard wisheth great worldly
hap, encrease of honor, and
heauenly bles-
sednes.

IN remembring many curtesies,
good turnes, rare fauor, and friend-
ship flowing from your Honorable
disposition in this ebbing age, I
vowed being sound in seruiceable
maner to requite: but sicke, am for-
ced to write the opinions of many
Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen (captaines and cheefe-
taines of great charge) touching the court and the wars.
And for that I serued vnder them, I set downe the words
I heard many of them speake of those two honorable
points, and discourses. First at Lawndersey sir Thomas
Wyet, Wallop, Bellingam, & many more knights there.
Then at Bollain the Lord Poynings, sir Rafe Elderkar, sir
Iames Crofts, and other knights there. The Lord Gray
at Giens, sir Harry Palmer, sir Lewis Dyue, sir Richard
Bray, & many more there. At Hams the Lord Dudley,
and many gentlemen there. At Callis the Lord Haward,
sir William Drury, sir Anthony Ager, sir Thomas Corn-
wallys, and a number of knights and gentlemen there.
In Flaunders sir Anthony Sturley, captaine Matson, Sy-
byll, Horffley, Ieynks, Plonket, Hynde, and many more
captaines there. At Metts in Lorraine captaine Farnam,
and in that towne the Lord Admirall that now is, I be-
ing without with sundry English Gentlemen there. In

The Epistle dedicatorie.

France captaine Krayar, Sutton, Twyty, Blunt, Dryuar, and numbers of captaines there. In Scotland where I was taken prisoner, sir William Winter, sir William Woodhouse, and many knights and captaines there: the Lord Clynton our Admirall then. At Burty Cragge sir Iohn Luttrell. At Dondee captaine Marry Church, and sundry gentlemen there. In Haddington sir Iames Wilford, sir Arthur Manering, and many other knights and captaines there. In Lawtherfort, sir Hue Wyllowby, captaine Colby, captaine Hales, and many more there. In Ireland sir William Bellingam, sir Anthony Sellen-ger, sir Henry Sydney, sir Iames Crofts: all these then deputies, and many knights and captaines there, at their commaundment. In Anwerpe after these things my selfe the chiefe captaine there then. In Brabant, Zeland, and Holland vnder sir Thomas Morgan, sir Humfrey Gylbart, and sundry knights, there seruing a great season. In Scotland before vnder the Lord Gray at the siege of Leeth, where sir William Pellam, sir George Haward, sir Andrew Corbet, and a number of knights were, besides many captaines and gentlemen of good woorth. In Gyens when it was lost, a captaine my selfe, and taken prisoner vnder the old Lord Gray, sir Harry Palmar, master Cripps, and other captaines there. In Ireland againe vnder sir Harry Sydney, where sir Harry Harrington, sir Edward Moore, sir Nicholas Bagnall, and a great company of knights and captaines were, from whom I went to the noble Earle of Ormond. In Garnzey, with sir Thomas Leighton in good credit and charge a good while. In Anwarpe againe, when sir Iohn Norrice, sir Thomas Morgan, sir Edward Hobby, and a number of honorable personages brought ouer Moun-
sior

The Epistle dedicatorie.

for thither. Thus making those seruices and many more a benefit to my knowledge, & gathering some od notes and sentences among those Honorable and marshall people, I bethought me thereof now in my last sicknes peraduenture, and willing not to smoothe them vp in silence, haue published as followes in verse, what the opinion of many dead and aliue hath been both of honorable Court and Warres: dedicating the whole iudgement thereof to your good consideration, bicause you are Knight Marshall of England, and knowes much of marshall causes. After whose good liking I do commend the work to the whole world, humbly desiring you to reade with good will, iudge with milde discretion, and rather commend than condemne: not thereby crauing better credit than it may merit, nor lesse thanks than an honest writer looketh for: though not finely written yet faithfully meant in plainest termes, bicause cunning phrases fauour of the schoole, where seldome I haue stolen any great learning, nor robbed good schollers of their bookes. If God freely gaue, I haue frankly bestowed it, neither a niggard of my verses, nor sparing of my words, but spending my muse and matter as plentifully as though I had good store thereof: take it in good part so the writer stands pleased, God so knoweth, who encrease you in honor and durable credit. From my chamber in Richmond, this new yeeres day. 1596.

Tours in all at commandement,

THOMAS CHVRCHYARD.

Churchyards cherrishing.

TEn thousand spend their time in vaine,
That haunteth either court or wars,
In both of them some hopes to gaine,
VVhen both God wot full few prefars:
Then bluntly said, and truly told,
Long courting maketh yoong men old.

Not rich, nor wise, till wit be bought,
VVealth followes few that thither run,
Some trudge to court to bring home thought,
Or see abroad how shines the sun:
But leaues Gods blessing far behinde,
And liues vpon an aspiring minde.

The court is but a pleasant cage
For birds to prune their feathers in,
A ioy to youth, a paine to age,
VVhere many lose, and few do win:
A step of state, where honor stands
To bring free harts in bondage bands.

A glad some house of goodly gests,
That pay small seruice for their foode,
A body full of hollow brests,
VVhere hatreds eggs brings forth their broode,
A place of pompe, and perill both,
VVhere finenes ioines, with little troth.

Churchyards cheerishing.

A heaunly image heere on earth
That lookes like saint without a shrine,
An outward signe, and shew of mirth,
VWhere many smarts are cloked fine,
A glasse of Steele in some od case,
VWhere each man may see his owne face.

A randevou, where millions meet
In one kings raigne or other sure,
A whetstone to a dulled spreet,
That many sweet conceits procure,
A pallace fraught with faire delite,
That prooves but blacke, when it seemes white.

A drawing hope, that hath no end,
In harts that labour still for fame,
A strong crossebowe that will not bend,
Till courtly archers wins the game,
A plot where cunning digs vp pence,
And yet a place of great expence.

Court is a maze of turnings strange,
A laborinth, of working wits,
A princely seate, subiect to change,
VWhere Goddesse like, dame Pallas sits,
A fountaine frozen hard as ice,
VWhere cloked craft turnes oft the vice.

317

The

Churchyards cherrishing.

The well and spring that cooles the thirst,
And quencheth each consuming heat,
The cooling carde that harts doth birst,
The worrne that life and lim doth eat,
The glad some gazing mirror bright,
That shoves brode day, but brings darke night.

The field where fortune runs at bace,
And shoves foule play where she doth please,
The parke, the forrest, and the chace,
VVhere Dians Deere lodge safe at ease,
The feasting house, where surfets breed,
By tasting some things more than need.

The soile where Venus built hir bowre,
And Cupid shootes his shafts too fast,
The onely grace of earthly powre,
That was or is, and so shall last:
The meane to make meane men to mount,
Yet court of no man makes account.

The path to hit prefarments right,
But when or how, good hap must shoe.
The torch that giues a flattring light,
A blaze that quickly out will goe:
The candle cleere of comforts all,
Yet downe vntoucht, the snuffe will fall.

The

Churchyards cherrishing.

The feeding hope of all good hap,
Till want coms home with weeping eie,
The smiling cloud where thunder clap
Fals ratling from a pleasant skie,
The calmy aire, that stormes doth hide,
Till winde bewtraies a blustering tide.

The platform where all Poets thriue,
Saue one whose voice is hoarse they say,
The stage where time away we driue,
As children in a pagent play,
To please the lookers on somtime,
With words, with bookes, in prose or rime.

The mount where might and mercy dwels,
The one may kill, the other saue,
The spring that maintains many wels,
Where thirsty throtes do water craue,
The nurse that milke and pap may giue,
To those that in great lack doth liue.

The ciuill sword of worldly sway,
That cuts off many a canker cleane,
The head that secrets can bewray,
And teach rash wits to keepe a meane
The eie that sees both hie and loe,
Much further than our feete can goe.

B

The

Churchyards cherrishing.

The ground where plenty planted was,
VVhen bounties blossoms brought foorth frute,
Then gold was but esteemd as glas
The prince so freely gaue a sute :
The onely spring and flowing spout,
VVhere all good turnes came flowing out.

The royall house of all repaire,
VVhere subiects swarme, and still do run
As thick as flies flocks to the aire,
In sommers day when shines the sun,
The paradise of earthly show,
VVhere many goodly frutes do grow.

The way to toull men on to spend,
As profit straight should rise thereon,
The ready rule to giue or lend,
Play best be trust till all be gon :
The place where promis is forgote,
Or where faire words make fooles to dote.

The ankor hold we trust vnto,
If cord and cable do not breake,
The gallant ship that may vndo
VVith charge : most men whose purse is weake :
The quiet port when tide coms in,
For all bare barks that harbor win.

The

Churchyards cherrishing.

The swelling sea where some do sinke,
(That waues and surges swallow vp)
The doubtfull banquet where some drinke
Their bane out of a spiced cup:
The stage where many a part is plaid,
That makes some lookers on afraid.

The costly, sumptuous golden hall,
That eats vp many a thatched hiue,
The bulwarke and the brazen wall,
Against whose state no force dare striue:
The stay and prop to weakeſt things,
And vnto man moſt comfort brings.

The flowre and bloſſom of each land,
That yeelds ſweet ſent like mirr or balme,
VWhich doth not on baſe fortune ſtand,
But ſafe in either ſtorme or calme.
O God that guides each fortune now,
Preſerue our court and kingdom throw.

F I N I S.

A reply to the reasons reherfed.

Court cannot pleas, ech one that still doth craue
No more than seas, can make all failers ritch,
Though few thereby, do gaine yet some may saue,
And keepe a meane, if folly be not mitch,
There foode is free, and all belongs to health,
Fire, rest, and ease, and pleasures of the eie,
Then for those ioies, who bids them spend their welch?
Or follow gaine, or waste their goods thereby?
If in one cloke, or sute a Lordship stands,
Blame not the court, but blame vnthrifty hands.

Though shining robes, becoms a Courtier well,
Meane men may weare, good garments of small price,
If waste will needes, his patrimony sell,
Or play away, his lands at cards and dice,
Court is not cause, of that expence and charge,
No more than plow, and carts makes Farmars poore.
If gallants gay, cuts their owne clokes too large,
That they like brooms, sweepe rushes from the doore,
Short capes in Court, were fitter for a shoe,
In such light weeds, of yore did Courtiers goe.

If men could sort, themselues in Court aright,
The good may meete, as good as he therein,
And stately Court, hates all lewd maners light,
No coosning knack, can there no fauour win.
Finenes and fraud, are often frownd at thear:
Dissemblance shames, to show a double face,
And though good wits, in Court can speake full fear,
Rip iudgement soone, finds out a courtly grace,
And will not be, ore reacht with shoe or signe
Of wily heads, though they be ner so fine.

Court

A reply to the reasons reherfed.

Court is a well, and fountaine full of fprings
That runs to thofe, that watch their feafons due,
Who to the cock, their empty bucket brings,
When bounties ftreames, fpouts water fresh and new.
All cannot thriue, that daily fell and by,
Some merchant prooues, bankrout ere he be ware:
All shafts will not, againft ill weather flie:
They hit the marke, that cunning archers are:
Court is not bound, to pleafure eury one:
Court is a king, and fubieft vnto none.

If fauorits rife, dame Fortunes babes they bee
Begot and bred, by fudden deftnies lot,
Lads that good hap, hath dandled on hir knee,
Tooke all their pap, out of the sweete creame pot:
The reft are faire, yoong children borne to foone,
Or out of time, as many yoonglings bee
No Planets birds, nor darlings of the Moone,
Nor fixed ftars, that ftands in highft degree,
But retrograde, in fome afpects but bale
Falne fro the clouds, from Iupiters good grace.

Though many names, to court thefe Poets giues,
Whofe fained Art, are full of fables vaine,
When they themfelues, by gifts of Princes liues
And by the Court, their betters far do gaine,
Court cares not for, their ftretched termes nor mufe,
That in a moode, finds fault with this or that,
Whofe hie conceits, doth but their pen abuse,
Which on the spleen, may write they know not what:
Court thinks great fcorne, to ftoup or feem fo weake,
As answer make, to any word they fpeake.

F I N I S.

Churchyards cherrishing.

THe wars that marshall men do like,
For countries cause was first begun,
To shield and sword, to launce and pike,
The lusty soldiers then would run,
And glad was he in towne or field,
Could force a forren foe to yeeld.

No walls nor rampire could hold out
A lions hart in manly minde,
Men did in courage grow so stout,
They traueled far hot wars to finde,
And when these men abroad did come,
They brought great skill and knowledge home.

Kings gaue them grace, and honor great,
Fame sounded trumpet in their praise,
VVorld placst them in the highest seate,
So that like gods they raigned those daise:
Yea honor, made of, and extold
Aboue the woorth of pearle or gold.

By them great empires did encrease,
Kingdoms were woon, and conquerd all,
They held vp wars, they made the peace,
They had the world at becke and call:
The sword subdues, and makes them slaues,
That stands vpon their greatest braues.

Long

Churchyards cherrishing.

Long in this course did soldiers liue,
Beloud and feard as victors are,
They felt no want, but had to giue,
The people tooke of them such care.
Kings and their treasure eury way
Kept noble soldiers from decay.

But when that kings from bounty fell,
And made but wars for their owne gaine,
The wars were then, a second hell,
Pleasure therein, was turnd to paine :
Profit was gone, honor lay lame;
And soldiers sought no more for fame.

Yet countries cause mooud men to fight,
As hirelings worke for wages still,
But take esteem, once from a knight,
You lose his hart, and warme good will,
Then after money doth he looke,
And licks his fingers like a cooke.

VWhen kings forget to giue good turns
For good desarts : then soldier thrinks,
The lampe of loue, but dimly burns,
And God doth know, what soldier thinks :
All one we liue (both daies and weekes)
By loue as larks do liue by leekes.

VVars

Churchyards cherrishing.

·VVars now is worse, than walking horse,
For like a hackney tied at rack,
Old soldier so (who wanteth force)
Must learne to beare a pedlers pack,
And trudge to some good market towne,
So from a knight become a clowne.

As good serue sowter in his shop,
As follow wars, that beggry brings,
Nay play the childe, and driue the top
Or fauor many fonder things,
And thriue there by, seemes better far,
That run a gadding to the war.

Wars wins the workman scarce his bread,
A fig for fame, if that be all,
VVars quickly gets a broken head,
And gaines no better fruit at all,
But when good blood is wasted out,
Into the ioints, wars thrusts the gout.

Lame lims and legs, and mangled bones,
VVars brings a man vnwares God wot,
VWith priuy pangs, sad sighes and grones,
Then come to court where nought is got,
Saue scoulds and shels when kernell sweete
The hogs haue, trampling vnder feete.

If

Churchyards cherrishing.

If fīue and forty sons I had,
Not one to court nor wars should goe,
Except that some of them were mad,
So prooud both where I would or noe:
But wars of all the arts that is,
Stands most from hap or heauens blisse.

Wars is a woorme in consence still,
That gnawes the guts and hart in twaine,
Who goes to wars must make his will,
For feare he coms not home againe:
But at his welcom home in deed,
He gets but words, so starues at need.

Or at court gate must sit and watch,
Like goodman Cockscorn keeping croes,
Go supperles to bed like Patch,
Or for his lodging gage his cloes:
A warme reward, a whip, a whood
Would do a silly foole more good.

Sell house and land, to follow drom,
And so bring home an empty bag,
Then like bare Tom of Bedlem com,
VVith broken breech and many a rag:
And see what pity world will take
On thee for thy great seruice sake.

C

Keep

Churchyards cherrishing.

**Keepe that thou hast is counsell good,
VVhat wars may win thinke that is lost,
For prince do hazard life and blood,
If enmies breath but on this cost :
Shun other wars as from a snake,
VVhose sting a mortall wound will make.**

**VVars is but cald the scourge of God,
A plague for man, and each things foe,
A whisking wand, a cruell rod,
That drawes out blood at eury bloe :
A fearfull bug, a curfed seend,
That driues good daies and yeers to eend.**

**If dyuels dance when drum doth found,
And saints do weepe, where blood is shed,
If wars doth shake the heauy ground,
VVhereon fish, fowle, and beasts are bred :
O wars packe hence, and run away,
From me and all my friends this day.**

**For where thou goest all plagues repaire,
All mischeeues march, all sorrowes swim,
All filthy facts, infects the aire,
All sin and vice is at the brim :
All dearth and famin are affote,
And all ormost, haue God forgote.**

Churchyards cherrishing.

Fie, fly from wars, as from a fire
That all burns vp, or kils in haste,
Spoiles and robs all, leaues all in mire,
Consumeth all, brings all to waste :
Yet when the wars rules all like king,
VVars is himselfe, a beggry thing.

But if proud wars, begin to brall,
And quarrels picks, to wrong our right,
Then clap on armes, corslets and all,
To put a wrangling foe to flight :
And make them run like rats away,
That robs our cheefe house eury day.

Loe knights, how plaine poore poets shifts,
In scambling world to scowre the coast,
VVith rimes, and sends such new yeers gifts,
From sicke mans couch to court in poast :
VVhere this may make a merry hed,
To smile before he goes to bed.

F I N I S.

A reply to the reasons reherſed.

WElth, pomp and pride, with malice of the mind
Bred wars & broils, between two brethren ſuſt,
The one feard God, the other moſt vnkind,
For his foule fact, in world was held accurſt.
Though wars began, throw pride and great offence,
As rods are made, to ſcourge leud vicious life,
Yet fearfull wars, hath wrought great goodnes ſence,
And planted peace, where was but bloody ſtriſe:
Wars makes men looke, to ſoule and body too,
Which in no ſort, proud peace can neuer doo.

Who ſees but death, aud danger feareth God,
A greater feare, no man aliue may haue,
As horſe fears whip, and ſcholler fears the rod,
So ſword is feard, that quickly brings a graue.
Wars makes men meeke, vertuous, valiant and wiſe,
Hardy and bold, forward, faithfull and true,
Goodnes imbrace, and villany deſpiſe,
Killeth old vice, and forms a man anue:
Quickneth the ſprites, and kindleth courage ſtill,
That elſe growes cold, weake, reſty, dull and ill.

Wars is no trade, for milksops, dawes and dolts,
Meacocks of kinde, and cowards from their birth,
A ſpur for old lades, a ſnaffle for yoong colts,
For luſty lads, the greateſt ioy on earth,
Breeds gallants vp, puts lions harts in men,
Breathes blood and life, into a trembling breſt,
Makes hand draw ſword, and ſling away the pen,
Mount a great horſe, and clap the launce in reſt,
And woonders do, as Samſon did in feeld,
Whoſe ſtoutnes made, the proud Philiftines yeeld.

Wars

A reply to the reasons reherfed.

Wars wisely made, Brings triumph to the towne,
Sends victors out, to fetch great wealth from far,
Keepes kings in seat, giues honor to the crowne,
And no great fame is found where is no war.
Set wars aside, bid men go spin and card,
Distaffs are fine, when launce is flung away,
Make no more knights, let cowards be prefard,
Set lowts aworke, bid soldiers then go play:
So pluck downe wars, and set vp Robin VVhood,
Or Iohn a Stile, that near did countrey good.

Wars was a wand, for wantons that were wilde,
It made them tame, and greater maruels wrought,
But where you see, that wars are clean exilde,
Stout people faint, and kingdom coms to naught:
Venus and lust, are great together still,
Right taketh wrong, and reason rules no whit,
Weake knees must bow, strong head will haue his wil,
And bayard blinde, in teeth doth take the bit:
Thus want of wars, confounds a woorthy state,
And breeds at home, both quarrels and debate.

Wars was and is, and shall be till worlds end,
Till iudgement day, you shall haue little peace,
You say it is, a scourge that God doth send,
A common plague for sin that shall not cease,
Thinke so and make of wars your profit then,
For soule at least. thus wars ye ought to loue,
Bicause wars doth reforme the faults of men,
And by sharpe means, it doth his pashence proue:
If such effects, a bloody wars brings forth,
When wars doth com, do take it well in woorth.

F I N I S.

A COMMENDATION TO ALL
THOSE, THAT EITHER BY INVEN-
TION OF WIT, STUDY OF MINDE, TRAVEL
of body, expences of purse, or hazard of life,
seekes the aduancement of their
Prince and countrey.

THe world throwout, breeds men of sundry kinds,
Som of great spreet, great skil and deep engine,
Som meane and base, and som of noble minds,
Som grosse of wit, and som most rare and fine,
As gifts of grace, and nature shapes them forth,
To show themselves, in actions men of worth.
Som plant and graffe, and still manures the ground,
Gains much thereby, as labrer liues by toile,
Som loues to saile, about the world so round,
To search what may, be seen in eury soile :
Som trudge to wars, and far abroad they come,
For knowledge sake, to serue their prince at home.
Som haue delite, to build and purchase still,
Thus all haue not, one motion, mind nor will.
But such that seekes, for fame in forren place,
Forakes great ease, & welth where they were bred,
Are speshall men, and do deserue more grace,
Than all the rest, what euer may be sed.

Leaues

Leaues wife and friends, to try the tumbling seas,
Makes open sale, of life and all they haue,
Are men that may, both prince and countrey pleas,
VVho shall of right, be honord to their graue.
Then step in place, sir VVALTER RAWLEGH now,
Show soorth thy face, among the woorthiest sort,
Thy trauell long, thy charge and labor throw,
Crowns thy great pains, with prais and good report.
Bid enuy blush, for vertue hits the white,
Malice may barke, but hath no powre to bite.
VVorld babbles much, but wit doth all behold,
The touchstone must, at length try out the gold.
VVho reads his booke, and waies what he hath don,
Shall sound his fame, as far as shines the sun.

F I N I S.

